THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy, with probable flurries of snow. Warmer.

And now the St. Louis Convention will find a blushing bridegroom on its eligible list.

Mr. Grosvenor, the Ohio man in charge of the McKinley department of arithmetic, forces the figuring like a Chicago census taker.

If Mr. Lezinsky succeeds in convincing the Broadway cable corporation that unwarrantable ejection of a passenger from its cars costs $20,000, the grateful citizens of New York ought to buy him a service of plate.

It appears that the present financial views of Secretary Hoke Smith were too suddenly acquired to enable him to satisfactorily explain them to the Georgia voters. The Secretary should call for reinforcements in his oratorical fight with ex-Speaker Crisp.

The thanks of a grateful nation are due to Local Forecaster Dunn for the information that but for the circumstance that there was a fall in the temperature, the snow that fell on Tuesday would have been rain. It is little gems of knowledge like this that fall like dew upon the hearts of the people, parched for want of information.

When Ballington Booth returns tamely to the ranks of the Salvation Army, which incontinently kicked him out, it is probable that the Cuban patriots will meekly return to the Spanish fold. Neither event is likely to happen this year, which shows that it would have been wisdom on the part both of Spain and the Salvation Army to have done their apologizing simultaneously with their kicking.

The story of the discouragement which attended the entry of John [illegible] upon the study of law does not itself new, derives new interest from Sir John's recent election to the presidency of the British Royal Academy. The boy Millais, with a bundle of his drawings, was taken by an admiring mother to Sir Martin Shee, at that time president of the academy. "Don't bring him up for an artist," quoth Shee. "Rather let him clean streets or sweep chimneys." The sagacious Shee has not lived to discover how greatly he underestimated the ability of Millais to compel success in an arduous calling. The anecdote is illustrative of a general tendency among men. The man who has failed in any profession of course advises ingenuous youth to avoid it, while he who has succeeded always doubts whether any one save himself would ever have had the shrewdness to avoid the pitfalls or the determination to overcome the obstacles which encumber the path to success. The boy who in choosing a career is guided wholly by the advice of practitioners of the various professions is apt to reach the discouraging conclusion that every way of earning a living in this world is worse than any other one.

THE PRIVILEGED 12,000.

It is estimated that some 12,000 New Yorkers belong to clubs—that is, to clubs of the sort that have regular homes, houses or rooms, and maintain that prime essential of a true club known vulgarly as a bar. To this happy 12,000 will come as a note of new cheer the news that the Court of Appeals has reversed the decision of the Court of Sessions at Albany in the case of the Adelphi Club of that city.

The nature of this cause was fully explained in an editorial in the Journal of Monday last. It is enough to say now that though the suit was brought under the old Excise law, the decision affects vitally the status of clubs under the Raines law. That measure declares that clubs "trafficking" in liquor must take out liquor licenses, and be amenable to all provisions of the law under which such licenses are granted. The Court of Appeals, however, declares that sale of liquor in a clubhouse members of the club is not "trafficking" in liquor. It thus becomes a mere question of definition. If the Court of Appeals defined correctly the word "trafficking," the Raines law need have no terrors for the 12,000 club men.

The more important effect of this law, however—for really the slaking of a clubman's thirst on Sunday isn't very important to anybody except him—is to show the faultiness and inequality of this precious piece of Republican liquor legislation. To begin with, it indicates another point at which legal attack on the law can be made. If the decision of the Court of Appeals holds good, then there becomes established a law making one rule for the rich and another for the poor—one for Fifth avenue, where the club men flock, and another for the East Side. If this be added to the present construction of the law which makes it lawful for a man to obtain liquor with a Sunday dinner in a hotel restaurant, and unlawful for the same meal and beverage to be served him in a restaurant disconnected with a hotel, the whole forms a study in special and inequitable legislation which fairly eclipses the record.

It is quite sure that Platt and Quay have not journeyed all the way to Florida for the health of the McKinley boom.

THE NATION'S SENTIMENT.

One thing is very sure, and it is that Congress in its action on the war in Cuba represents the most worthy and generous sentiments of the American people. No one who reads the arguments that have been advanced by a few timid and conservative logicians in Congress, and a few commercial newspapers, can have failed to notice how pragmatically sordid and selfish those arguments were.

In their general logic they recall the defence of the defendant who stole the black pot. In the first place the pot that he stole wasn't black, and in the second place he didn't steal any pot. According to the American gringoes, there is no war in Cuba, and it would be commercially disastrous to meddle with the war that is going on. We have been warned over and over again that to exhibit any sympathy for a neighboring people struggling for their freedom would depreciate our bonds, and disturb our fraternal relations with a European monarchy. The United States had reached that condition of commercial prosperity that forbade any exhibition of sentiment or any waste of money in defending ourselves,

The vote in Congress nails down all this nonsense effectually. The people of the United States mean the world shall clearly understand that their sympathies are on the side of man, not on the side of monarchies; that they are not thinking of the price of bonds or the comfort of Madrid, but of their fundamental faith and hope, long ago declared, in the inalienable right of all peoples to self-government and to the enjoyment of liberty. To have done any less than this would have shown us to be recreant in our hearts to the principles that have made us strong enough to protest, and that have commanded for us the fear and the hatred of every tyranny on earth.

That Georgia joint debate has degenerated into an unseemly scramble between the sound money views of Secretary Smith and the free silver vagaries [illegible] Hoke Smith.

THE QUAY DEAL.

The rumor that Senator Quay is seeking to make terms with the McKinley managers does not come direct or authoritatively. If it were true, as stated, both parties in interest would deny it; and if it is not true, either party may have started it, or be willing to have it circulate, in order that it may produce results which both desire.

The indications, however, are that the rumor is true. The most convincing of these are the McKinley trend of the elections in Pennsylvania and the absence of Quay from the scene. Following these in importance are the characteristics of Senator Quay and the well advertised quest of the McKinley managers. They are seeking delegates to the St. Louis Convention for McKinley. Quay, as a Presidential candidate, is a standing invitation for a deal.

To elaborate the latter proposition it is necessary to say that Matthew S. Quay is not a statesman and does not pretend to be. He is a trader in, or a manager of, statesmen. He has more influence with statesmen than those who claim to be statesmen have among themselves. In the office of Senator from Pennsylvania Quay has less influence than as the victor over the "hog combine" or the assessor of the "fat-frying" manufacturers. But in all of these capacities he is a potential factor, for good or evil, now and hereafter, with whom McKinley must deal or whom the McKinley managers must defy.

Quay is unique, but he is a power. He counts for much that McKinley, or any other office-seeker, must recognize, and more than a greater man than McKinley can afford to ignore. Thus, it being the interest of the McKinley managers to deal with Quay, and the habit of Quay to invite or force deals with office-seekers, there is a strong probability that the rumor of a deal is true.

Senator Gorman has undoubtedly noticed the tendency of the professional reformer to get himself and his friends into office and then to hang on in the name of reform.

THE REVOLT OF A PARENT.

General Harrison is at least entitled to credit for having demonstrated that a man strong enough to govern what Ambassador Bayard described as a violent and headstrong people has enough force of character to marry a second time if he will, despite the protests, expressed or implied, of his children.

This problem of the right of bereaved parents to pursue happiness in marriage is getting complicated in these United States. Elated with success in throwing off the parental bonds, which make of the young men and maidens of Continental Europe mere pawns in the game of matrimony which is played for them by their elders, American youth declines to be content with the free and unlimited right to marry as it pleases. The situation gives striking illustration of how quickly an emancipated subject can develop into an absolute monarch. Having overthrown the theory that parental consent is in any way essential to the marriage of children, Young America sets up the new doctrine that the consent of the children shall be a condition precedent to the remarriage of a parent.

The eminence of General Harrison fitly qualifies him to lead the revolt against this new tyranny of the American child. Should the Republican party in a moment of unusual wisdom make him its candidate for the Presidency, he may rely on the solid vote of American widowers, of men in love with widows, and, moreover, upon the effective influence of all widows with children who have discarded their weeds and begun to "take notice."

That effort to take the reciprocity coppers off dead Blaine's eyes is still in progress. Political ambition recognizes no sentiment which happens to stand in its way.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF ELGAS.

Mr. Matthew J. Elgas, president of the New York Teachers' Association, appears to be a man with a twenty-ton vocabulary and a two-inch judgment. He has somehow got it into his head that the school teachers of New York can best exhibit their dignified, intelligent and forceful characters by going to Albany and lobbying against the compromise school bill, in favor of the trustee system. Mr. Matthew J. Elgas vehemently declares that all the objections which have been made to this foolish proceeding on the part of the school teachers are blatant and unmanly, and he calls upon the teachers of New York to "rise in their pride of ancestry and hurl these reformers to a merited oblivion." What would Mr. Matthew J. Elgas say if the policemen of New York went to Albany to hurl reformers to oblivion, whenever there was an attempt to improve our police system by legislation?

It ought to be glimmeringly apparent to Mr. Elgas that it is not a tasteful or becoming business for teachers to "hurl reformers" or "tump" legislators. We do not employ them for the Graeco-Roman tumble at Albany. And it is little short of impudence for them to advance their preferences for the trustee system. But it is a waste of time to argue with a teacher who appears to think that the teachers (with the aid of the trustees) ought to make their own terms with the public after they are employed.

There is a large-sized Vice-Presidential bee buzzing in the Easter bonnet of Governor Lippit. This may account for the McKinley symptoms in Rhode Island.

HOME RULE FOR NEW YORK.

Three weeks more should complete this session of the Legislature. But for the fact that the phrase has probably been employed at the close of every New York Legislature for the last twenty years, it might fairly be called the worst Legislature New York has ever seen.

It is doubtful, however, whether any Legislature of recent days gave residents of New York City such great reason to repent the action which deprived this city of the right of self-government, and vested in a Legislature normally hostile to metropolitan ideas and manners absolute control over many of the most intimate details of municipal organization.

The interference of the Legislature in the affairs of the city is seldom intelligent, often impertinent and blundering. Under cover of clamor about the sins of Tammany, the up-State Republicans have proceeded shrewdly, systematically and audaciously to strengthen the Republican organization of the State at the expense of the rights and liberties of dwellers in the city. Practically every measure has been judged by the criterions of partisanship. Between the two agencies of hostility to the city and blind devotion to the Republican party the great Democratic metropolis has been sorely injured.

The situation of this city is anomalous, unreasonable. It is without parallel in any other American community. It violates one of the cardinal principles of the American Union, namely, the right to local self-government. As years roll by, it will become more irksome, more intolerable than it is now. The political organization which most emphatically declares its purpose to restore to Greater New York its birthright of liberty, and which most intelligently strives to attain that end, will quickly gain and long hold the confidence of the people.

The advancement of the three-cent fare bill to third reading in the Assembly, together with the accompanying measures relating to heating and lighting cars and regulating the sale of franchises, stimulates mild hope that some good may really accrue to the people from this Legislature, which has thus far been only an oppressor when it has not been a humbug. It is to be hoped that, having allowed this cheering cup to be placed thus near the people's lips, Mr. Platt will not playfully snatch it away ere quaffed.

"Orange Blossoms."

I'm not a prude. A loud and lusty leg has never yet affrighted me. Two loud and lusty legs in fact are quite powerless to compel a ruddy tint to my cheek of innocence. I'm fond of realism, and I'm not always disposed to consider that the universe was built for the Young Person. I believe in the realistic novel, and the play with the sexual problem. But (and the above was written just for the sake of the "but") I loath bold-faced indecency at any time, when it is purposeless, and I abhor it when it is thin veiled beneath the hypocritical gauze of Art. Art has more sins to answer for than villainy or Vice. It is responsible for a great many of the evils of to-day. Art, forsooth! why not call it Smut, and let it go at that?

I confess that I was pained at an art exhibition I was ordered to inspect last night at a little uptown resort known as Doris' Gaiety Theatre, where they continue things all day long, and give an entertainment that is exceedingly filling at the price. The piece de resistance of the programme was what Mr. Doris calls "an exquisitely refined and delicate high class morceau," entitled "Orange Blossoms," constructed by little Pilar Morin, of "L 'Enfant Prodigue" renown, and with music by her newly wedded husband, Armi Laghaume.

It is an adaptation of "Le Coucher de la Mariee," that achieved notoriety in Paris, where, whenever they want to be particularly outre, they call in Art to their rescue. In Paris, however, the excuse is scarcely necessary. The Parisians expect little but filth in their theatres, and as we have heard an enterprising actress has just conceived the idea of giving non-sexual matinees for babes and sucklings.

In New York it is different. The theatres here are exceedingly clean, and even the abdominal wriggle of Fatima, at Olympia, has been robbed of much of its muscular voluptuousness by the pure-minded Hammerstein. There are managers, however, who, desperate and frantically struggling in this fever of metropolitan competition, will stop at very little. And it seemed to me last night that my old acquaintance Doris must have entered their ranks.

"Orange Blossoms" proved to be nothing but a perfectly unnecessary and inartistic spectacle, showing the disrobing of a bride in her bridal chamber, with an impatient husband waiting outside with his watch in his hand. It was a spectacle designed to excite ribald youths to unseemly mirth, and it succeeded in so doing. I was disgusted to see sixteen-year-old lads, who should have been studying their lessons for to-morrow's school, howling with laughter as Pilar Morin unhooked her bridal gown, removed her petticoat, threw aside her corsets, scratched the place that the corsets had pinched and slipped on her beribboned nightgown.

The laughter was disconcerting. It was horrible. Even Mr. Doris, if he cares a hang about the fate of the boys who crowded into his theatre last night, must have felt a pang of remorse at the sorry and the sickly sexual suggestions that aroused their merriment. It meant so much. It was so pregnant with a morbid significance. The "exquisitely refined and delicate, high-class morceau" was so nauseating removed from the lovely, rosy regions of art that he made a Pecksniffian pretence of gently invading.

The curtain had scarcely risen upon the bridal chamber before the object of "snow" was distinctly apparent. It was once evident that a cold-blooded and sinful attempt to show a lewd picture to a promiscuous gathering was the intention. I have no objection to the description of a bridal chamber in a book. There is not the least harm in a bridal chamber scene in a play. But when it comes to the vision of the nocturnal quality of a newly married couple for the sheer and exclusive purpose of evoking sensual entertainment, I protest. I tingled as I heard the chuckles of the smooth-chinned youngsters around me, and listened to their jocund "Please don'ts"—and all that sort of thing.

The pantomime begins with the making of the bridal bed by the maid, and very little was left to the imagination. Words were useless; gestures told a great deal more, and the woman who played the part went into all possible details. The entrance of the father and the mother with the bride and bridegroom followed, and after plenty of maudlin suggestiveness, the bride began to peel. I wont describe it. There is no use in so doing. My object in writing this is not to invite people to see "Orange Blossoms," but to warn the Lubins of this city that if they value the respect of their Dulcineas, they will do well to keep away from this theatre. There is nothing in the least either amusing or artistic about the pantomime. It is absolutely valueless. Art is utterly lacking from its every incident. It is not one whit better than the anatomical displays of waxworks, which have been driven from the city. I searched keenly for an artistic excuse. I hunted around for a gleam of dainty value. It was quite in vain.

There was an excuse for "Mlle. Pygmalion," to which we were introduced by Mlle. Jane May at Daly's Theatre. For "Orange Blossoms" there is none. Perhaps the manufacturers of underwear, I reflected, have organized this decollete show for the purpose of exhibiting garments that are not generally held up to public view. But there was no line on the programme setting forth the names of the purveyors of Pilar Morin's nightgown, corsets and chemise.

As I said before, I'm not a prude, but when I want to be rude I like to know that I am justified in so being. I ask for a purpose—nothing more. Supplying incandescent sexualism to an indiscriminate mob is not a sufficient purpose, and that is precisely what Mr. Doris is doing. Even the comedian who preceded this bedroom indecency, James Thornton, seemed to be acutely alive to the intention of the management. "I know you are anxious to see the Elysium behind this scene," he said. And anxious they were. They had waited two hours for it.

It would have been hopeful if I could truthfully add that the crowd, disgusted, left the theatre. It did nothing of the sort, though. The house was packed, and nobody left until the bride had tucked herself cozily in bed and told her husband to come in. Then the people left—but reluctantly. Mr. Doris went no further. I don't know why. Perhaps he will give us the sequel later on. I'm quite convinced that it wont be his fault if he doesn't. Don't think for an instant that I've tried to be funny in anything I've written. This affair is not a question of humor; it is a case for the parents and guardians of our theatre-going boys. Every lad present last night should be soundly spanked and put to bed in a far less comfortable cot than that occupied by Pilar Morin.

ALAN DALE.

Roosevelt and Raines.

[Washington Star.]

Mr. Roosevelt would probably like to be informed as to just which it is that thirstier New York objects to, the Raines bill or its enforcement.

A Few Matters of London Talk.

London, March 28.—The London newspapers publish most interesting accounts of the life and character of Lady Isabel Burton, the widow of the great African explorer and Orientalist. It is said that in their marriage the most extraordinary man wedded the most extraordinary of women. He wanted the comforts of home in a tent or on a boat, and she could give them. He was like a gypsy, but she was ready to go anywhere with him and to do anything he did. If she missed a chance to share a danger with him she grieved about it. The wildernesses of Iceland, of Dahomey, of the tropics, of Brazil and of scores of out-of-the-way, dangerous, unwholesome regions were their stamping grounds. She was an Arundel, of one of the oldest and proudest English families, but she was delighted when a gypsy prophesied that she would be of the Romany ilk. Said the dusky seer: "You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life is all wandering, change and adventure. One soul in two bodies in life or death; never long apart."

This seemed impossible, yet one day the vision she had nursed of the coming husband approached her—a tall, thin, swart, weather-beaten Arabic figure, with the brow of a god and the jaw of a devil. That was Burton. He stared at her, and she thought he saw straight through her. She whispered to her sister: "That man will marry me."

She was completely magnetized. She tells the rest of the weird story. He made the first advances by chalking up on the wall, "May I speak to you?" considerately leaving the chalk hard by for the answer. It was unpropitious at first: "No; mother will be angry;" but this was only another way of saying, "I shall be pleased." For "mother" herself had afterward to listen to this confession: "The moment I saw his brigand, dare-devil look, I set him up as an idol, and determined he was the only man I would ever marry." Her cousins gave a dance to help matters, and "there was Richard, like a star among rushlights." . . . "Thatwas a night of nights. He waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times, and I kept my sash where he put his arm round my waist to waltz, and my gloves. I never wore them again." He went away to Africa for six years, no doubt to help make a name that might overcome the resistance of her family. When he came back, he proposed. He was not kept waiting for an answer. "I would rather have a crust and a tent with you," she said, "than be queen of all the world." "Your people will not give you to me," he said. "I know that," she answered, "but I belong to myself—I give myself away."

She was a pious Catholic, but got Cardinal Wiseman to smooth over the difficulties of the marriage. The Cardinal made Burton promise to marry in the Church, to leave her to her religion, and to bring up her children in it. He promised, for he had no faith of his own. But when all was arranged, off he went, seized with the passion for travel. He sent his shadow to her to say good-by, that he would return in three years, and that he was her destiny. When he did come back it was as one who had been dead. "He had had twenty-one attacks of fever, had been partially paralyzed and partially blind. He was a mere skeleton, with brown-yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding and his lips drawn away from his teeth. Never did I feel the strength of my love as then." The marriage came at last. Then, after seven months of uninterrupted bliss, he had to take up a consulship on the west coast of Africa, and to leave her at home. When he returned on leave, she could no longer bear the thought of a further separation, and she insisted on going back with him to Fernando Po. Thereafter, her saying was the old one, "Where thou goest, I will go."

Partially following the example of the proprietor of the Cosmopolitan magazine in our country, Punch is about to send some of its employes out of town and into the country, where land is cheap, rents are low and the surroundings are wholesome and conducive of good workmanship. Tonbridge, Kent, next door to old Tunbridge Wells, is the chosen spot. There, it is said, the printers are to work in a well-arranged building and live in a large number of houses, about the renting of which inquiries are now being made.

The crews pitted against one another in the Oxford-Cambridge 'Varsity race, which takes place while this letter is speeding toward you, were peculiarly dieted and trained for their short spurt of hard work. The Oxford men rose at 7 and took a glass of milk and a cracker. Fifteen minutes later they took a walk and a 200-yard sprint in flannels. 7:50 o'clock each man was back in quarters, taking a cold tub bath. Then the men dressed and breakfasted on fish, cutlets, chops or grilled chicken, eggs in some form and a cup and a half of tea each with dry toast and butter. During the last week before the race orange marmalade was added to the menu. When the tide permitted the men rowed a while at some time during the morning. Luncheon was served at 1 o'clock—cold meat, lettuce or tomato salad, biscuits, butter, a glass of beer or of claret and water, and then a rest and an afternoon spin on the water. At 6:30 o'clock dinner was served, and comprised fish, a plain entree of cutlets, fillets or spinach and poached eggs, then a joint and plain vegetables and a "duff" of rice or tapioca, or pearl barley with stewed fruit. They also got oranges, figs or prunes, and for drink two glasses of beer or of claret and water. A glass of port is allowed each man. At 9:50 o'clock a cup of water-gruel or of lemon and water, and to bed at 10 o'clock. The Cambridge "light blues" are "dieted" in about the same way, but without claret or port. They have only beer, but they get milk puddings and fruit fritters at dinner and barley water and lemon on which to go to bed.

JULIAN RALPH.

Casual Impressions.

WITH POLE AND LINE.

(Memphis Commercial-Appeal.)

'Tis strange what yearnings enter in a feller
These warm an' lazy days!
He seems to long alone for sunshine meller,
An brooks, an' quiet ways.
The fragrant blooms upon the peach trees yonder
Are purty as a tune;
While hums of waters [illegible] are the echoes, wonder,
Of songs the angels [illegible] on?
The drawls of laborers [illegible] eyond the holler,
To teams they're [illegible] there,
Source reach you—as [illegible] want to waller
Around in huggin'
One's most afraid t[illegible] fear of bruisin'
Some little buddin[illegible] to musin',
An' even memory d[illegible]
These lazy days [illegible], I reckon,
I've never had enc[illegible]
For worldly goo[illegible]
An' I'm to blam[illegible] didn't beckon—
Haint tried to [illegible]
But, then, so l[illegible] please the Giver
To send his [illegible]
Then I'll con[illegible] liver
With that s[illegible]

WILL T. HALE.

The Stage Mob in Hauptmann's "Weavers."

I wish that Director Conried, of the Irving Place Theatre, would give a professional matinee of "The Weavers," and invite all the stage managers in the city to study the methods by which he obtains such remarkable results. I doubt if even at the famous Court Theatre of Saxe Meiningen mobs have ever been employed with such telling effect as in this drama of Hauptmann's, which has for its chief motive the revolt of starving, underpaid labor against dominant capital.

Mr. Conried, who was in his early career a member of the Meiningen company, was the first manager to introduce into this country the system which was the pet hobby of the Grand Duke, and created such a sensation in London when his company appeared there with Ludwig Barnay as its "guest," or star attraction, as we would put it.

It was during the first Barnay season in New York, in such plays as "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar," that I saw for the first time large numbers of supernumeraries employed with entirely satisfactory artistic results. In the crowds that listened to the orations of Brutus and Antony were all sorts and conditions of people—a baker with his loaves under his arm; a beggar hurrying on the scene to solicit alms, and staying to listen to the orator; two gossiping housewives—in short, precisely the sort of folks that would have gathered in a Roman street at any moment of excitement. It was all very natural and effective, but in "The Weavers" results have been obtained that throw the work of the Thalia company far into the shade.

This is due to the fact that the mob is composed in part of artists of experience and skill, who receive high salaries for appearing as supernumeraries, or for standing behind the scenes and lending their voices to the roar and murmur "from without," as the technical phrase is.

Now the stock company of the Irving Place Theatre contains nearly fifty members, and Mr. Conried can, with the resources at his command, produce farce, tragedy and comedy in rapid succession, and, if necessary, give his patrons a change of bills three or four times in the week. The cast of "The Weavers" does not, of course, call for the full strength of the company, and so it happens that a great many actors of very high standing are employed as supers, and these are divided into groups of three, consisting of one thoroughly competent actor and two underlings, who work at his direction.

It is impossible to see the Irving Place representation of "The Weavers" without being strongly impressed by the voices or those without. The noise is not at all like that produced by a band of American supers, standing negligently about and shouting in chorus, "Hi! Hi! Let us avenge his death!" In the same tone of voice that they would employ in asking a bartender for a pint of beer. There is anger and menace and a terrible significance in the hoarse mutterings of these unseen actors. In American theatres the supers frequently counterfeit the murmur of voices by repeating an unintelligible gibberish, the result being that the noise is not at all like that of people actually talking. Under Mr. Conried's direction, however, each actor has a printed page from which he must read sentences that are in keeping with the spirit of the mob. Nor do they all read the same words, as scarcely two of the printed pages are alike. In order to obtain the finest effect possible from this murmur of voices, trials were made of almost every available place behind the footlights, from the roof to the cellar, until it could be determined which was the best spot for the actors to stand on.

Mr. Conried himself conducts his invisible chorus every night in the same way that an orchestra leader conducts his musicians. Standing on a table, with a white handkerchief in his hand, the director raises and lowers the volume of sound, keeping it always in key with the movement of the play and obtaining results that have been a positive surprise to every American who has seen the play.

At the close of the fourth act the mob breaks into a house and destroys every article of furniture and adornment that can be found there. Every one who sees this scene believes that the chairs and vases are picked up in pieces after the fall of the curtain and glued together in order that they may do duty a second time. This is not so, however. Every article in the room is renewed at every performance and destroyed with reckless vehemence, and the result is that when a Japanese vase that really looks like a beautiful work of art is shattered into a thousand pieces, every one in the audience exclaims involuntarily, "What a shame to destroy it!" and this is precisely the feeling that the scene should engender to have its full artistic weight.

When "The Weavers" was given in Berlin the thrifty manager would not allow anything to be destroyed, and used to ring his curtain down just as the leader of the mob seized the vase with both hands, with every mark of tenderness and care, rather than of violence, the result being that the scene was ruined, because everybody in the house knew that if that actor injured the vase in any way, its cost would be deducted from his salary.

The stage of the Irving Place Theatre at the close of the fourth act reminds one of a room in the Tuileries after the Communards had done their work, and the cost of the destruction is estimated at about $30 a night.

"The Weavers" will be seen here again next season, and it may be given in English. It is doubtful, however, whether the sort of poverty and suffering that it depicts would be understood and appreciated here as it is in Germany, and it is also a question whether or no it could be made effective in the way that I have described by means of American supers.

JAMES L. FORD.

A TYPICAL SPANISH CARTOON.

"Look here, pig, why do you dare stick your snout in this slice? What do you mean by this threat?"

"Oh, nothing—save that the lion is always a lion, and the pig always piggish."

—El Noticiero Universal, Barcelona.

The Boles of Great Britain.

[Kansas City Journal.]

"The Gladstone of America" is what the Iowa Democrats call Horace Boles. Strange that the people of England never thought to call Gladstone the Boles of Great Britain!

Prospective Emptiness.

[Detroit Tribune.]

If Mr. Platt really removes the saloon from politics, things are going to look almighty empty around New York City.

The Metaphysics of a Pink Shirt.

A Pink Shirt was displayed in a haberdasher's window. It was surrounded by others of its kind. It was proud, haughty and arrogant, flushed with the pride of fashion and vain in its self-assurance that it was a "good thing." It knew that every man was not qualified by money or mind to wear it, and, like all things that take on aristocratic airs, was very glad thereat. This Shirt was really in love with itself. The air about it was rosy with its egotism. It talked to itself in subdued strawberry accents, but still loud enough to be heard.

Some persons stopped to listen a moment, and then went smiling on their way. They were not misled by the Shirt, for they knew it to be a gay, irresponsible young thing. There were others, however, who did not act in this fashion. They entered the place and paid homage to the Shirt and shekels to the shopkeeper. These were of a class already habituated to the garment.

Finally there came a Normal Man, who above all things prided himself on his normality; whose head was clear and whose stomach was in perfect health. He looked at the Pink Shirt and smiled derisively.

"What manner of man wears a shirt like that?" he asked himself.

The Shirt overheard the question, and could have answered it, but didn't. It knew this type of Philistine; knew that in his strength and self-confidence lay the greatest menace to himself. So the Shirt smiled grimly and waited. Through experience it had formed certain psychological conclusions and it knew from the symptoms the Normal Man displayed that in all probability he would do a certain thing. Wherein the Shirt knew the Normal Man better than he knew himself.

The Normal Man took a delight in stopping at the window, as he passed from time to time, and scoffing at the Shirt. And when he asked himself for the last time: "What manner of man wears a shirt like that?" he decided to find out himself. He liked to ask questions—a disastrous habit that should be confined to supplementary proceedings and to women. And he went into the store.

The Normal Man could never explain how it happened. When he left the store he had the Pink Shirt in a bundle under his arm. Alone in his room that night he looked upon the simmering, simpering face of the Shirt, and calling himself a strongly qualified fool, declared he would never wear it; he would give it to the janitor in the morning. But when he awoke the next day it seemed to be the most natural thing for him to don the shirt. He did, and in so doing was lost.

Many a time he rebelled in anguish against the habit that now possessed him, but on each occasion he was defeated, and the mastery of the Shirt over him became stronger and stronger. There were long spells of indifference, with only an occasional and weak awakening of conscience. Finally even these ceased, so that now the Man is wholly dominated by the Shirt and is blithely contented in his degeneracy.

He cannot give any clear reason as to the mental process which leads a man to wear the Pink Shirt, more than it is "dead swell."

Perhaps you have never thought of the Pink Shirt at all. Well and good! But the subject, nevertheless, is not an inconsequential something to be disposed of lightly. It is full of grave and subtile truths which must in time receive due consideration from the men who are arguing that the whole of the human species is becoming sadly out of gear. The Pink Shirt is a manifestation—of what, Lombroso or Nordau might be able to tell, but it is evident the matter, in all its complex significance, has never been brought to their attention.

Some men are born to the Pink Shirt; others gradually yield to its baneful influence, like the Normal Man. You will see both of these classes soon, for the Spring is upon us and the store windows already have begun to glow like the "awakening East" in an abundance of the Shirt.

The Normal Man might have been a victim of color hypnotism. To just what anthropological category he belongs would probably give the student a clew to the problem, for it is said that anthropology is a great thing, especially when applied to a Pink Shirt. Most embarrassing to an investigator along these lines is that one cannot yet look at the cephalic index or the transverse measurement of a man's jaw and tell what kind of Shirt he will wear. Nor can you narrow the Shirt down to the conformation of a skull. But the day will come.

To properly answer the question it would be necessary to make an organic study of the man. That is absolutely necessary at first. The Man of the Pink Shirt may have a brachycephalic, a mesodolichocephalic or a mesocephalic cranium that would bring joy to the hearts of Mingazzini, Colori, Zometti, Morselli and other Italian masters, who find a whole world in a skull, but the organic study is the only way to begin properly with him.

And yet not everything lies in the organic characterization. There is a psychologic side, which, taken in connection with it, must unfold the whole story. "Dead swell" psychology, as even such a distinguished authority as Professor Enrico Ferri must agree, presents us with all the characteristics of the offender, such as his conversational peculiarities, the manner in which he carries his cane, the extent to which he turns up his trousers on a perfect day, the way in which he shakes hands, the books he reads, and especially those he does not, and, on the other hand, it makes known to us the characteristics which, in conjunction with organic abnormality, account for the development of the Pink Shirt in the individual.

Those who persistently disregard the metaphysical side of the question declare that the Man who wears the Pink Shirt is a pathological anomaly; that perhaps his cerebral cortex might be atrophied and characterized by insufficiently developed frontal convolutions. This may or may not be so. There is no data at hand just yet to bear it out, but it is a point to be given deep consideration. In such an important inquiry nothing should be overlooked.

The effect of certain colors on some hysterical subjects is well known, and a prominent specialist in nervous diseases in this city calmly points to hysteria as a solution. And this might be so, for, indeed, the Normal Man, of whom I have told, may have been hysterical without the least suspicion of it, despite his healthy stomach. He loathed the Shirt at first, but finally surrendered himself to its embrace. Lombroso, in writing of hysterical delinquents, says: "Reflection is replaced by reflex action, so that they will conceive an antipathy for beautiful things and take a liking for some disgusting object."

Of course, Lombroso had no idea of the Pink Shirt when he wrote that. But his statement fits the ex-Normal Man even better than the Pink Shirt.

RANDOLPH COOPER LEWIS.